

## INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.

From the N. Y. Tribune.  
CIVILIZING.

BY VINCENT F. BARON.

Celestial spirit, free from all  
The shadows of the darkness night,  
Come forth! obedient to my call,  
And pierce the darkness of the right,  
Until to thy eyes vision bright,  
The cloistered soul shall naked stand,  
And walls shall yield before thy might,  
And space contract at thy command.

Then see'st a distant window glow,  
A shadow on the curtain's side,  
Come forth! I call to thee to come,  
What thy ethereal eyes behold,  
A lady of the fairest mould,

Is living in her rocking chair—  
One hand that smiles with glee, and gold,  
Is sporting with her hair, and mirth,

"A passing' flush is on her cheek,  
A dangerous pallor in her eye,  
And often she evens to speak,  
And oft she sighs, and oft she weeps,"

Ah, tell me what her bonny dearies,

How much of all their beauty I share,

Look well; her thoughts before her lie;

"I read 'em, but they art not there!"

What see you now? "She trembles, weeps—  
Her hair is by a lover's press."

His arm around her, "I dream."

And then "I sleep" to him on his breast?"

say, who is how finely fitted?

Deep in his soul thy glances send;

I see him—and he stands confid;

A traitor, though he was the friend,

"I hear a voice of warning tone,

And well it serves to baffle her fear;

For now she whispers, thus alone:

And then "I sleep" to him on his tears,

A short step the dwelling nears,

Thee, piano, they listen; and they put;

A sound upon his bower appears;

And what a tumult's in his heart?"

What next? They move—then lips unite—  
On his bosom lies her burning face;

And many times she says, "I sleep,"

But then "I sleep" to him on his tears,

Fair! fair! thy jungles shut her eyes,

My confidence, with only life,

What! death and devil! "I'm my wife!"

Exit brother, to look after his helpless, resolving to kill  
his friend, the first opportunity, and swearing all the way  
home, that "Mesmerism is a hound!"

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 18, 1842.

### LITTLE GIRLS.

Little darlings! heaven bless you!

For the joy that you impart,

Thus to kindle and carry you

Cheers my military heart.

Now, my honest, kindly kisses

Charter no malicious tongue;

Yours mothers not the blisters;

With the world's cold scalds;

Our free hearts are yet untainted;

By its sensual caress.

Tis for this that love unbounded

Welcomes you within my arms,

While thus joyously surrounded,

Life, in them rings its alarms.

But, as when the sun is warming

On each distant hill,

Ready toil will fit its downings,

Breaking on the scene to still.

Thus, upon your sweet affections

Will the pining world intice,

Bringing serious reflections,

Teaching lessons stern and rude,

May this world be all a stranger

To your dreams, my many mists!

Rest, unconscious of the danger,

Which the flight of time creates.

FITZ CHARLES.

### The Infant's Funeral.

The crowd of city's busy street.

Passeled along,

As they bore pure, and sinless one,

Through the city's clay throng;

The infant's mourners haltered out,

For the cry, the pound, and the song;

But a child so rapid course was stayed

By the infants funeral train.

The wailing shrang, when her bright glance fell

On the snail and humble briar;

And she turned to shun the father's grief,

And the mother's woe,

—"O weep for me!" she sighed,

As she closed her gushing eyes,

Yet they give thee back thon since one!

As an angel to the skin!

"They know of the guiltless soul and shade—

And they know where are gone—

And they lay her down in bliss and peace...

Yet they follow her and sing,

For the weeping of some latter pang

Costs the world's woe to bow to;

"O God! O God!" what would I give!

To be where thou art now!"

TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND ROAST BEEF.

All—*I Banquet by the smoke!*

Known by the banner gay unfurled;

Above the coon's bials, that the whigies were near;

And I said if there's beef to be had in the world,

The shop that is hungry may look for it here,

I spied and asked in tones of dreary grief,

To give me the cry, the pound, and the song;

But the coon's rapid course was stayed

By the infants funeral train.

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On the snail and humble briar;

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### MARVINS &c.

Character—There are cases in which it is impossible

to restore character to life, as to recover the dead.

It is a Phenix that can expire but once, and from whose

ashes there is no resurrection.

Credit and Money.—Credit is often no more than an

opinion; and the difference between credit and money is, that money requires no opinion to support it.

Discussion of politics.—The principles and conduct

of any government must be had, when that government

dreads and dares at discussion, and seeks security by a

prevention of knowledge.

Enemies.—By quartering ill policy upon ill principles,

they have frequently promoted the cause they designed

to injure, and injured that which they intended to pro-

mote.

Equality.—The principle of equality of rights

is clear and simple. Every man can understand it, and

it is by understanding his rights that he learns his duties;

for when the rights of men are equal, every man must

finally see the necessity of protecting the rights of others,

as the most effectual security for his own.

Ignorance.—Ignorance is of a peculiar nature; once

dispelled it is impossible to re-establish it. It is not only

a matter of knowledge, but it is the absence of

knowledge; and, though man may be kept ignorant, he

cannot be made so when once informed.

What pertains to philosophers more than to others?

The privilege of living in their accustomed manner, provided all laws were abolished; if there were no laws,

a nation could live in safety.

Coon-like graft is to be practised by an exti-

erior manufacturer. The genuine impurity of the heart

we admit, may occasionally produce a spontaneous demon-

stration of devotedness in a temporary degree, but the

legitimacy of these incentives is substantiated and de-

veloped when the firmer basis is established in the soul,

which yields not "form or pressure" beyond "expressive

silence."

The most pure and exquisite pleasure which a man

can experience is at the moment when the girl to whom

he is fondly attached, but of whose affection he is doubt-

ful, confesses that she loves him.

Report.—Edward Everett, our Minister

to England, delivered an oration before the Phi Beta

Kappa Society at Cambridge, at their annual celebration,

a few years ago, and after the public exercises were over,

the Society had a dinner, as is usual on such occasions.

John C. Story, who presided at the tables, is said to have

proposed the following sentiment, in compliment to the orator—

"The Oracle of the Day—Apolline follows the foot

steps of fame wherever it (Everest) goes."

This directed the attention of the whole company to

Mr. Everett, who immediately rose and made the following happy retort—

"The members of the Legal Profession—However lofty

their aspirations may be, they can never rise higher than

one story!"—*Hawthorne Free Press.*

Prospects.—Business and building in Boston promises

to be excellent, the ensuing season. Contracts for new

houses and houses have already been made to considerable

extent.

### To the Democrats of Indiana. THE COON-SKINNER.



We propose to issue from the office of the Indiana State Sentinel, an Extra sheet, to be called the "COON-SKINNER," containing news about the trial of the trial of the coon, and the trial of the coon.

Persons calling for these Letters will please say ADVERTISED.

A Ernest Koller  
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